

So I'm packing up and off to Philadelphia.
To hear the early morning of a street brave with red brick,
Like Franklin in Republican breeches entering Versailles after a rain.
Even the trolley tracks lie silken on that simple imperturbability.
And the trolleys sing and hiss, the way an udder sounds
Squeezed by Marie Antoinette in her English dairy
When she is troubled by the Fourth of July striding through
Mr. Jefferson's red hair.

Where I am, it's a Mischianza of tops without bottoms, the world of the twirler.

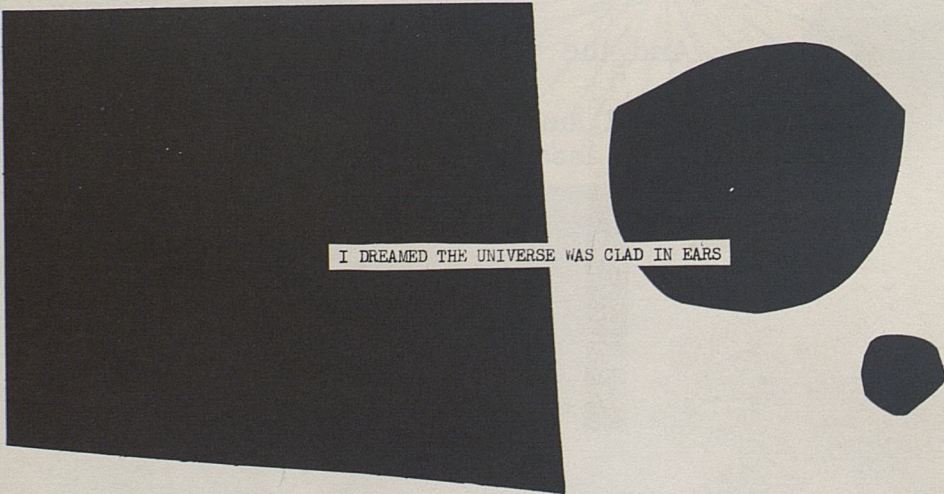
The men have completely revolving heads, always
Completely revolving, stirring a stale breeze which whispers Yes...yes.
Like radar.

Scanning unmanned scanning: three hundred and sixty degrees (more, soon) of wiry wariness,
One hundred per cent sensitive to all movement in the area;
With subsequent automatic adjustments to maintain
Optimum altitude and attitude and verisimilitude (and Gertrude, discreetly,
Providing she can keep score).

If you don't revolve, people go cold sweat and shaky.
They see hairy ribs of discontent and unassimilable eyes
And conviction like a naked wrestler strangling the Chairman of the Board.
A stiff neck is a cave man's club, the phallus of unmutuality.
When an unmutual smiles, time becomes a gland with a slow leak not to be negotiated.

Scanning, mother.

Blips.
Blip. Blap. Yes, it moves, Galileo. And they spin. Blop.
Vertigo Fair.



I DREAMED THE UNIVERSE WAS CLAD IN EARS

Paul Kendall